THEIR TRUE FACE

PART TWO

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(Part Two)

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THEIR TRUE FACE

(Part two)

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The following short, documentary records of crimes perpetrated by the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, of their barbarous tortures and murders of innocent people — women, children and elders — are hard to read without experiencing feelings of dread, anger and indignation. A wild beast kills only when hungry or in self-defense. Butchers of the Bandera, Melnyk and Bulba lot more often than not tortured and murdered people without having any obvious reasons. Was it to quench their bloodthirst, watch the agony of death in the eyes of their prey, hear their last moans?

Who can ever explain the sadistic murder of a child? Can a human brain perceive of what considerations did the Banderites like Buchok, Rachkevich, Yurchyshyn and their henchmen abide by when massacring the families of ordinary collective farmers, such as F. Boyko, Yu. Nakonechna and P. Mykytin in the village of Chekhiv, Monastyrisk District, Ternopil Region, when murdering children right in front of their mothers, grabbing them by the feet, whirling them in the air and smashing their heads against cart wheels? Whose heart wouldn't sink at the sight of children standing, scared stiff, over the dead body of their slain mother? These are not best-selling thrillers. Documents, facts and recollections of eyewitnesses provided in this booklet testify that all this has taken place in reality. Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists were the ones to commit these atrocities.

Were the testimonies of all victims and witnesses gathered throughout Ukraine, were the lists of those fallen prey of the nationalist brigandage drawn up, supplemented with official records of trials over onetime OUNite bandits — then a multivolume history of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism would see light. This would be a dreadful

account of misanthropy, moral degradation of Petlurite-Banderite "fighters for the Independent Mother-Ukraine."

You will find here materials that have been published by the Ukrainian SSR's Republican and the local press. The facts and the undeniable truth they contain expose nationalistic infanticides, sadists and marauders who in their hatred for the Soviet people never hesitated to commit the dirtiest crimes, who recognized no morals, no law, no rights, except for the right of knife and garrotte.

They underwent an adequate training in murder and fratricide conducted by the Hitlerite Gestapo instructors, received firearms from their hands, were paid reichsmarks for their bloody "jobs," dressed in German outfits and fed leavings from the SS* kitchen.

D. Z. Manuyilsky, a prominent Soviet Party leader and statesman, once gave a remarkably accurate and objective characteristic of Ukrainian fascists:

"Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism has always been a servant of a strange master. Ukrainian nationalism has never been national, because it has always served the interests of foreign ruling classes. It has never been independent, for it has never counted on the strength of its own people, but on the bayonets of outsiders... Completely isolated from their people, the Ukrainian nationalists have gradually turned into a gang of traitors, spies, saboteurs, terrorists and criminals... They are the accursed children whose fathers had been condemned by their people, who have neither kith nor kin, and who are deprived of a homeland."

The Ukrainian people not only hated the "Independent" vampires, but also fought them, clearing the land of that plague, killing them the way one kills a mad dog. There aren't any nationalist werewolves and foes left in present-day Ukraine, their hideouts and bunkers have long grown over with weeds. People have taken care of and raised the orphans whose parents fell prey of the OUNite violence. But these people will forever remember what the yellow-blue fosterlings of German fascism did on the Ukrainian land.

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* SS (short for *Schutzstaffel):* the elite military and police unit of the Nazi party — **Ed.**

In the meantime, some of the nationalist cutthroats did manage to escape the people's retribution to find themselves far removed from Ukraine. They found new patrons and masters. Today, these "Ukrainian patriots" are reluctant to let their memories drift back to their Gestapo-SS past, they are willing to forget what tortures they had once subjected their countrymen to. They are once again dreaming of another war, hopeful it will enable them to once again stamp their feet on the Ukrainian land, a knife in their hand, and kill, set on fire, destroy. They still believe that history will repeat itself, and that their time will come.

Vain hopes, vain expectations!

Towering in almost every Ukrainian settlement, especially in the western regions, on the beautiful town and village squares — are monuments and obelisks immortalizing the memory of those who sacrificed their lives in the fight for their Fatherland, who perished in the years of Banderite bloodshed. For as long as the granite of which they are made stays shall we remember the past. Because we have a deep respect for our fathers, mothers and elder brothers whose lives were cut short by the horrible war, and those who fell prey, too, of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalist monsters. Because such is our duty before the new generation who are joyfully in the command of their destiny, and imbued with a national pride and Soviet patriotism.

You are welcome to send your comments on this brochure, as well as on all other Ukraina Society publications, direct to **THE ASSOCIATION FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH UKRAINIANS ABROAD (THE UKRAINA SOCIETY,** in short),

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KNIGHTS OF NOOSE AND DAGGER

That year a road was being constructed from Berezhany to the District's outlying village. The blade of a bulldozer cut a huge portion off the mound of earth and the vehicle started pushing it ahead, when a skeleton, yellowed with time, fell out of the heap.

A crowd of road workers and local farmers gathered. Everybody was surprised that a grave was found in such a place. Then some of them remembered...

A woman's figure emerged on the road leading from the village. She was running hard, moving clumsily on her limbs like a wounded stork. As she reached the place she threw herself to her knees, stretched out her hands and cried:

"Daddy, we've been looking for you, we have, for so many years!.."

Her trembling fingers touched a horrible noose tightened around the cervical vertebra. The woman begged of the crowd: "Please, take off this noose. I don't want it to choke Daddy in his grave!"

Her fellow villagers started digging carefully and found another skeleton with a similar noose around what had once been a neck. Residents of Privitne identified the skeletons as belonging to their fellow villagers — an old grain grower Petro Kushnir and a 19-year-old woman Hanna Sokirnik. They knew only too well whose hand had tightened those nooses and whose habit it had been to bury the victim's remains out in a ravine or on some secluded wasteland spot, thus trying to hide the tracks of the crime.

The remains of the victims were ceremoniously carried by the villagers to the center of Privitne. The entire village took part in paying homage to the martyrs of OUNite terror. The hearts of grain growers were overwhelmed with grief as they cried for vengeance:

"Remember, people! May the children of your children never forget this terrible reality!"

And never shall they! It is impossible to forget the tragedy which in the summer of 1941 befell the village of Bozhykiv (currently Privitne) in Berezhany District, Ternopil Region. Who will ever forget the bloody Sabbaths of the nationalist butchers in other towns and villages of this Region?

...The lightnings of the war had just struck. Women and elders of Berezhany were dying under the ruins of the first Nazi air raids. Sustaining severe battles, the Soviet troops were retreating. A gang of OUNites plunged into feverish activities in Bozhykiv. Having received blessings from Uniate Roman Catholic priest Yaroslav Litynski, they were now preparing to welcome the Nazis and start serving the "New Order."

Three days prior to the German occupation of the village, Yuri **Skaskiv,** Mikhailo **Stadnik,** Ivan and Danilo **Leskiv,** and other nationalists, led by Volodimir **Kudla,** forced a large crowd to gather in a square near the church where they proclaimed an "Independent Ukraine." Several hours later, Volodimir **Kudla,** Illya **Vitrak,** Yuri **Hural,** Petro **Bartkiv** and other cutthroats staged a bloody "celebration" of the event. They pounced on their fellow villagers like wild beasts, seized Komsomol* member Mykola Vasylyshin, the village club director Maria Burmilo, Rudniki school principal Kreitz, mill worker and village activist Mykola Bartkiv, orphanage bookkeeper Pindyur, teacher Hanna Shchur, and chairperson of the Bozhykiv Village Soviet Pavlo Tkach.

Drunken from the sight of human blood, Kudla, Vitrak and their henchmen tortured their victims in a narrow cement basement of the club: they broke people's arms, stuck red-hot irons in their eyes, chopped off their ears, bashed in their heads.

All this was done "in the course of justice." As testified by the eyewitness and survivor Olexander Bartkiv, Hanna-Maria Osadtsa, the gang's concubine, read out the "verdicts" as the horde of nationalists carried out their lynching with unthinkable atrocity.

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* Komsomol: short for the Lenin Young Communist League — **Ed.**

In the meantime, Father Litynski did not neglect his "pastoral" duty: he sanctified the monsters' laboriousness as they "fought for the Independent Mother-Ukraine." The cross in his hand didn't shake an inch when the nationalists — in part, Kudla and Vitrak, after all the tortures, tightened barbed wire nooses around their victims' bruised necks. Litynski was "forgiving their sins." With unspeakable cynicism he offered his silver plated cross to Pavlo Tkach whose torn off skin hung to the ground in dreadful black and red stripes...

"Get away from me, you antichrist!.." the man uttered in a hoarse voice.

The bandits piled the mutilated remains of their prey on horse-drawn carts, like firewood, and at night drove the carts out of the village to dump the bodies in a ravine near the slaughterhouse.

V. Kudla and I. Vitrak joined the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN) before 1939. They spread nationalist propaganda among their fellow villagers, and terrorized and intimidated the local inhabitants. As testified by F. V. Shchur and other witnesses, the ruffians, together with OUNite Dmitro Iskov, butchered in 1938 the Kowalski family in the village of Bozhykiv. Apart from everything else, they also collaborated with the Polish police.

After the reunification of the western regions with the rest of the Ukrainian SSR, Kudla and Vitrak went underground and engaged themselves in subversive activities, bullying the population in every way possible, spreading provocative rumors against Soviet power.

The two OUNites and their henchmen greeted the coming of the Nazis with extreme enthusiasm. Finally came their "big chance!" They didn't take long to offer their good services to the occupational authorities. The "Sich" Ukrainian-German Police force was formed, which gave the OUNites a free hand in torturing their countrymen. Kudla was appointed as the commandant. He also headed the Banderite organization in Bozhykiv till 1944.

Kudla, Vitrak, Yuri Hural and other policemen served the Nazis with the loyalty of a cat-dog. To curry their favors, they spied on Soviet activists, honest people, all those who wouldn't yield to the enemy. The "Independents" doggedly carried out the Nazi orders, and rounded up young men and w)men to ship them off to Germany for

slave labor. It was Kudla, Vitrak and their OUNite henchmen who gathered food and warm clothes for the army of the "Insuperable Fuhrer" to whom the OUN leadership forwarded a faithful letter suggesting that he be entitled the "Leader of the entire Cossack Ukraine."

A week had hardly elapsed after the first atrocity had been committed over those supporting people's power, power that had given the peasants their feudalists' lands, opened schools for children — when Kudla, Yuri Skaskiv and their henchmen strangled grain grower Mykola Vasylyshin and the village teacher Andriy Zin in that same basement. Mykola Vasylyshin's wife, Fekla Zakalik, will remember that horrible night for as long as she lives.

An old villager, Andriy Habyak, who had witnessed the OUNite bloodshed, testified the following:

"Volodimir F. Kudla, born 1920, and Illya Vitrak, born 1920, resided in the village of Bozhykiv, Berezhany District, during the Nazi occupation and both served in the Ukrainian police force. Together with other policemen they arrested the local inhabitants and shot and strangled innocent people. The only reason why they killed was that the people had been loyal to Soviet power. In 1941, Kudla and Vitrak literally tore to pieces Mikhailo Vasylyshin and his wife, Maria Zin's son and others..."

Here is another testimony by a resident of the same village — Fedir Shchur:

"In July 1941, three days prior to the Hitlerite occupation of the village, Kudla, Skaskiv and other nationalists forced the villagers to gather at a meeting near the church where they proclaimed an 'Independent Ukraine.' After that the OUNites started torturing people. They caught my daughter Hanna Shchur. She and seven other villagers were tortured to death that evening. They were garrotted in the club's basement and driven on a cart out of the village at night and buried in the place where fallen horses are dug in. The sadists wanted to hide their tracks but blood from the bodies dripped from the cart. The next morning I followed that blood track and found the place: they had barely thrown some earth on top of the corpses. I told my wife and the relatives of those slain what I'd found right away. All the bodies were mutilated beyond recognition. Both hands of my daughter were crashed, the skin torn off her face, the skull bashed in, the

ribs broken. They strangled every victim by throwing a rope around the neck, tying both ends to a stick and then turning the stick clockwise, tightening the noose. On the back of each body was painted: 'Long live Stepan Bandera!'"

The sadistic policemen raged for a long time afterward. But the Soviet Army was approaching. Under its mighty blows the fascists were beating a hasty retreat westward, setting fire to, and destroying, everything on their way.

Seized by impotent fury, fearing retribution for their atrocities, Kudla, Vitrak and their cutthroats broke one night into the homes of those related to their earlier victims. It was in March 1944. With inhuman cruelty the bandits murdered the mother of Maria Burmilo, the mother and the brother of Komsomol member Mykola Vasylyshin. The nationalist monsters also massacred a whole Jewish family who had for several years been hiding in the village.

The crimes perpetrated by Kudla, Vitrak and other OUNite beasts were witnessed by Mikhailo Berchuk, Andriy Habyak, Olexander Bartkiv, Fedir V. Shchur and Stephania F. Shchur. All the villagers and those living in faraway outskirts knew of the nationalist atrocities. The names and OUNite aliases of those ruffians aroused condemnation and the wrath of the people.

Although the murderers fled West, together with the Nazis, and are today hiding from justice in Canada (Volodimir Kudla and his wife, onetime accomplice under the name of Hanna-Maria Osadtsa, currently reside in Winnipeg; his former henchman and Osadtsa's relative Ilko Vitrak lives in Amherstburg), let them remember that people in their native parts have execrated them, and never shall these vampires be forgiven!

Some of you might happen to meet another Canadian citizen, Mikhailo Dankiv, born 1907, former resident of the village of Kovalivka, Monastyrisk District, Ternopil Region. He will probably enlarge on how he suffered from the Nazis, how he fought for the just cause, for the "Independent Mother-Ukraine." Don't you ever believe a single word of his! A Hitlerite lackey and killer, was he. His other identity was that of a full-fledged Ukrainian bourgeois nationalist under the alias of Lisoviy. Add to this his onetime position as the Deputy Commandant of the "Sich" Ukrainian-German Police force in the village of Soroky,

Buchach District, Ternopil Region — and this will far from exhaust the "service record" of OUNite Mikhailo I. Dankiv.

In 1934, M. Dankiv joined the OUN, simultaneously upholding close contacts with the "Luh" antipopular organization. His activities did not pass unnoticed by the leadership. He was assigned as a go-between and courier of a veteran OUNite Danilo **Solomanyuk.** Since it was obviously not enough to build one's fortune upon, Dankiv went to the other side of the law and became a robber, which was the reason why the police arrested him now and then.

Dankiv met the coming of Soviet power to Ukraine's western regions with hatred, although he at first never showed it. He even made people believe that he was an activist for a while. But one night in October 1939 he and agent provocateur Krizhanivsky urged their nationalist henchmen and villains in Soroky to raid a Polish settlement Poljanka. When the evening came they stole into the village. Under the threat of death and physical violence, pointing their guns at the residents, they looted all Polish inhabitants.

Afraid of being held responsible for what he did, Dankiv went underground. Still, bandit Lisoviy continued his dirty business.

Below is a testimony by Hrihoriy P. **Lestyuk,** former member of the Banderite gang:

"Mikhailo Dankiv joined the OUNite gang under the alias of 'Lisoviy' in 1939 and had ever since held a superior position. He was armed with a rifle and pistol. On the night of April 15, 1941, he took part in the killing of villagers from Zhiznomir — Hanna Hulyak, smith Yosip Sidlyak, Mykola Krivenkiy and his wife Hanna Krivenka. Their children begged for mercy for their parents, but this didn't help at all. Taking part in the atrocity were also OUN District Chief Leader Petro **Velhan** (alias Lymon), Stepan **Velhan** (alias Zozulya), District Leader Mikhailo **Lestyuk** (alias Stripa) and Dmitro **Sverdlik** (alias Viter). Dankiv was using a knife, cutting into pieces the bodies of people right in front of their horror-stricken children..."

The sadistic inclinations of Dankiv and his "forest guys," however, became especially manifest in the war years. The front line was nearing the District when the nationalists gathered at the Soroky cemetery. There they agreed upon holding the ceremony of proclaiming an

"Independent Ukraine" in the village of Soroky and drew up a list of their first victims. But, what was more important, they also decided to ceremoniously meet the oncoming Nazis and, subsequently, to help them in every way possible maintain the "New Order."

They got down to business right away. Day and night the OUNites went out in the fields, hunting after Soviet soldiers. Whenever they came across one, they shot him, took his clothes and boots, never forgetting to pick the rifle and ammunition.

In July 1941, Dankiv organized the "Sich" nationalist police force in Soroky and was assigned as its Deputy Commandant. The first "action" was carried out shortly after: they caught 15 Jews, tortured them to death in the collective-farm yard and threw the mutilated bodies down a well. At the end of July the Ukrainian policemen slew Olexiy Horbatyuk, chairperson of the Village Soviet, Yevdokia Shevchuk, collective-farm field team leader, Milyavsky, secretary of the Village Soviet, activists Volodimir Kudlovich and Havrilo Morskiy.

Several days after, the policemen committed another massacre and looting. According to the eyewitness Ivan T. Pankiv, a group of armed OUNite policemen surrounded 100 Jewish fugitives and herded them into a sheepfold that had once belonged to the collective farm of Soroky.

They were going to drive their catch to Buchach. At night, the "Sich" cutthroats broke into the sheepfold and started robbing the people. They took whatever valuables and money they could lay their hands on, tore off people's clothes and footwear. After they had plundered all they could, the nationalist butchers **M. Dankiv, M. Lestyuk** and **I. Pashchin** massacred the inmates. They shot and slugged with rifle butts, hit people in the head with axes, and slashed viciously with their knives. Only a few were lucky enough to escape the claws of the sadists.

Following an order from Mikhailo Lestyuk, police commandant and OUN leader in Soroky, an old villager, Ivan Pankiv, threw stones and earth into the well, covering a pile of tortured and slain Jews.

Although the "Sich" thugs laid themselves out to win favors with the occupational authorities, the latter dismissed the Ukrainian Police force in the fall of 1941. The professional OUNite gunmen went to serve in the police

forces in Buchach and Lviv. There they continued their inhuman job.

When in 1944 the fascists began their hasty retreat, their Ukrainian bourgeois nationalist hirelings were stricken with panic and fear. Mikhailo **Dankiv,** Stepan **Strogush,** Stepan **Lizunik,** Ivan **Pashchin,** Dmitro **Sverdlik,** Stepan **Vityahlovsky** and other policemen enlisted for the SS Halichina Division. Later, in France, and, still later, in Czechoslovakia, they continued fighting partizans.

The end of the war saw all those "liberators" and "fighters for independence" scatter all over the world. Some fled to the United States and Canada, others found new masters in Western Europe, still others, cursed by their people, met their end in strange lands. Mikhailo Dankiv hid from justice in Canada (Province of Ontario). Dmitro Sverdlik is spending the rest of his life there, too.

O. TSEHLENKO

OSTAP HUTSALO'S BLOODY DEEDS

Over thirty years have passed since a red flag of Victory was unfurled on top of the Reichstag. But the hearts of Soviet people still hurt at the memory of the trying war years, of those who fell prey of the Nazis and their assistants —the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. Most of those hirelings suffered a just punishment for their bloody crimes. But some managed to escape the retribution. Far away from their homeland, they hope that people there have forgotten about their misdeeds. So does, probably, Ostap M. Hutsalo, born in the village of Slavyatin, Pidhaytsi District, Ternopil Region. Today this cutthroat and traitor lives abroad, pretending to be a decent person.

Our story is about his true identity. It is based on documents, statements of those who had witnessed Hutsalo's bloody deeds, as well as on the testimonies of the fascist murderers in whose service he had been.

To begin with, here is a confession by former Gestapo departmental head in Drohobych, Oberscharfuhrer SS Morlock:

"In 1941 I and Laufman, a criminal police officer, headed the Ukrainian Department of the Security Police and the SD. Before that, while working in Drohobych, I found people who obtained various sorts of information for me. Thus, by 1944, I had recruited some 20 agents. Out of this number, several persons, including Ostap Hutsalo, Bolekhiv's burgomaster, remained in service until August 2, 1944 (the day I left for the acting army)..."

Of course, traitor Hutsalo wished he could forget about his service for the Gestapo, and about his past in general. But there are memories of other people, memories that forever stay alive. Neither can the fascist erase his track off the archive records that uncover his criminal identity in detail.

In 1941-1942, Hutsalo was the burgomaster of the Nazi-occupied town of Khodoriv and headed the so-called local "Provisional Ukrainian Administration." A "Declaration" of July 9, 1941, has been preserved, signed by Hutsalo and other nationalist ringleaders in Khodoriv, expressing gratitude to the German Army for the "liberation" and entertaining the hope that "Germany will not constrain Ukraine, but will consent to the existence of the newly proclaimed Independent Ukrainian state." Several days later, however, the Nazi authorities disbanded the nationalist "Administration." Hutsalo received a good kick in the behind, too. He was "arrested" and delivered to the Gestapo HQ in Drohobych.

After Hutsalo, foaming at the mouth, assured the Nazis of his loyalty to the Fuhrer, he was discharged and his new master, the aforementioned Morlock, assigned his freshly recruited agent as the burgomaster of Bolekhiv, Dolyna District, Ivano-Frankivsk Region.

Now it was Ostap's duty to report on his "Independent Ukrainian" counterparts. But this didn't bother him. What mattered in the first place was good money, and whoever paid didn't make that much difference...

At present, he lives in West Germany, belongs among the Banderite leadership and, probably, keeps on filing secret reports the way he did before on his Ukrainian colleagues, only forwarding them now to a different boss. It might well be the latter's instruction that Hutsalo is currently playing up to the Jews who seem utterly unaware of his involvement in the criminal actions against thou-

sands of citizens in the Precarpathian town of Bolekhiv and the outskirts.

As a matter of fact, Hutsalo has quite a few things to remember along these lines. Already several weeks after his arrival to Bolekhiv he organized a reprisal over the Jewish population. Leading a German police detail, he turned up at a sawmill employing a number of workers of Jewish parentage. He had a pistol in one hand and a list of Jewish employees and Soviet activists in the other. But the Ukrainian workers had found out about the planned roundup in advance and sent a word to their Jewish mates. As a result, before Hutsalo appeared they hid around the enterprise. The fascist lackey was delirious with fury, running with his policemen all over the sawmill, looking for victims among the log piles. Having found and seized several, the police hustled them together. Olexander Zimmermann was among those arrested.

...In front of me was an old man. A warm look in his dark eyes failed to conceal pain and grief as he recounted those dreadful events:

"From the sawmill they led us to the town hall's courtyard. There were quite a few people there who had also been arrested, among them many elders, children and women with babies. It was getting dark outside but the policemen kept on hustling in new and new groups of prisoners. Children cried, women wept. Hutsalo, a pistol and a horsewhip in hands, was skipping around the courtyard, "quietening" children and those who offered what humble protests they could. By the morning the whole place was heaps of dead bodies and puddles of blood. At night I managed to sneak up the ladder to the loft of the barn which was in the courtyard and hide myself in the hay. In the morning I heard Hutsalo's dirty curses and people's shrieks as they were being hustled outside.

"The whole day that followed shots were to be heard out on Dovzhanska (now Shchors) Street, by the graveyard. As the night came I left my shelter and ran away."

On that day, some 2,200 Soviet citizens — men, women and children — were shot, ordered by Hutsalo.

Volodimir Olexin, who still lives in Bolekhiv, had some more details to add to the picture of that tragedy. During the temporary Nazi occupation he ran errands at the town hall.

"Once I reported into Burgomaster Hutsalo's office," Volodimir Olexin told me, "to find there the members of the so-called *Judenrat* — Jewish Council. Each stood with his face to the wall. Then came the Gestapo officers, and Hutsalo, under the threat of death, ordered all of the *Judenrat* councilors to guide the fascists through the streets, pointing at every house inhabited by Jews. Hutsalo himself and a detail of policemen went out, arresting people. I was forced to show the Gestapo men the way to Doctor Aitmann..."

Yaroslav Petriv, rate-fixer at a brickyard, could well remind Hutsalo of how he had once dispatched 450 citizens to Germany for slave labor, threatening people, making them go, by a reprisal over their family.

Hutsalo thrice supervised the "actions" in Bolekhiv to destroy Jewish residents and Soviet activists, he was personally in charge of the shooting. And so that he knows: human blood is never forgotten, the years shall not diminish his guilt before humanity.

B. LAVRIV

PAYMENT FOR TREASON

A photo sent by Yemchuk from Canada to the village of Potochishche is still in front of my eyes. In fact, it has been there for the last several days. A bride bent over the gospel, a bridegroom, dressed in a black swallow-tailed coat, staring in the face of an old priest. His eyes, half-closed, are sharp and cold. Standing behind the fiance are his best men, all dressed similarly, with bowties on snow-white shirts.

Although the inscription on the reverse side of the photo is eloquent enough that what you are looking at is a wedding, you nevertheless have a funny feeling that some kind of feint was caught by the camera: as if the characters snapped, the fiancee and the bridegroom, have just unstrapped their Tommy guns, changed for fun into the tight swallow-tailed coats. In a minute or two they will get bored with their masquerade, will throw off their outfits and put on instead mouse-gray uniforms with the German

swastika. Then shots will thunder within the cathedral's cupola, and people will scatter, seeking shelter from bullets.

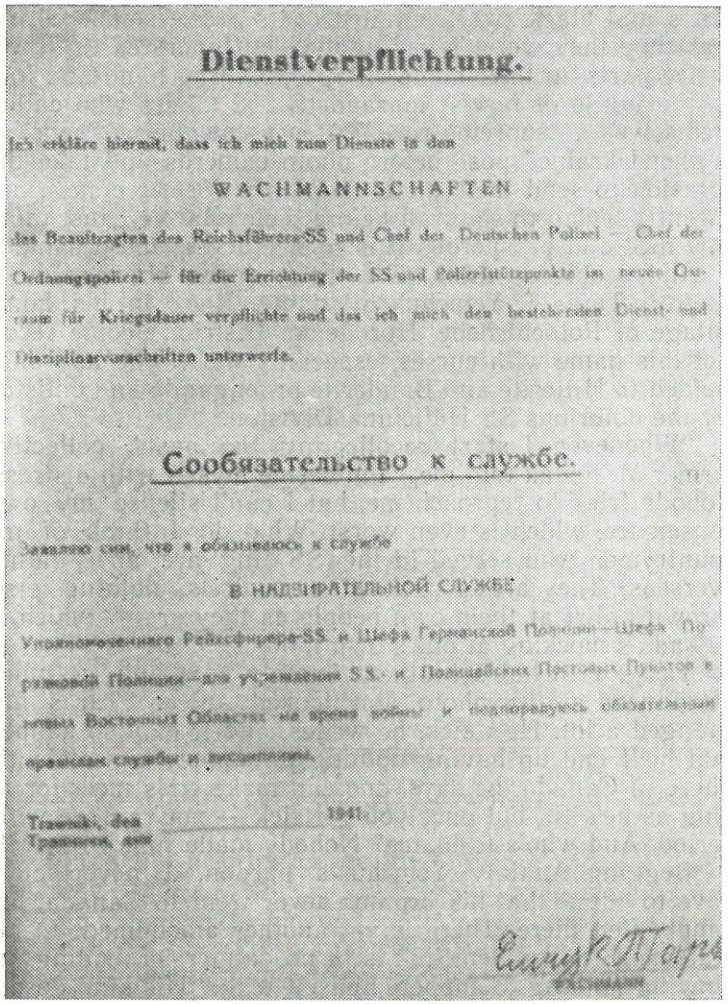
That is how these young fellows dressed in white shirts and black swallow-tailed coats are remembered. At that time they weren't in Canada, but operated in their native parts, in their home villages, waiting hand and foot on the horde of fascist marauders and killers who called themselves a "supreme race." At present, these "sons of Mother-Ukraine" pose before photo cameras and take the occasion to send their pictures to their former homes, apparently trying to show off before their relatives: just think how nice and prosperous it is to live across the ocean!..

And people do think. The bridegroom on the above photo is Taras T. Yemchuk by name. Back in his home village of Potochishche, Horodenka District, people recollect this name with curses, especially those who had once yielded to Hitlerite and Banderite propaganda and enlisted for the notorious SS Halichina Division.

"Whenever I start recollecting the past," collective farmer M. Fedak told me, "I'm beside myself with distress. Nobody tries to reproach me, but I can't silence my own conscience, which is even worst. What do I think of my countrymen who served in the SS and are now hiding overseas? They are a pack of scoundrels, nothing else, throwing dirt at their own people as they are — which is as bad as mocking at one's own mother!"

Taras Yemchuk's brother, Anatoly Yemchuk, as much as glanced at the photo and looked away: "Taras has changed a lot. He's sick, he writes, and it may so happen that he'll end up having nothing to support himself with. There in Canada, he says, one can make ends meet for as long as he's fit, but once you get sick — you're done with, period. And who's to blame? Nobody made him go there!"

Begging Anatoly Yemchuk's pardon, I nevertheless have to admit that his brother never went to Canada, but simply fled there. There is yet another amendment to his statement: Taras Yemchuk is in no danger of ending up "having nothing to support himself with." His kind do not die of starvation — they will rather tear bread from the hands of a child, mother or father — anybody, lest they suffer from hunger themselves. Such is their dog-eat-dog law, the life's credo of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. It is



Dienstverpflichtung.

Ich erkläre hiermit, dass ich mich zum Dienste in den

WACHMANNSCHAFTEN

des Beauftragten des Reichsführers-SS und Chef der Deutschen Polizei — Chef der Ordnungspolizei — für die Errichtung der SS und Polizeistützpunkte im neuen Ostraum für Kriegsdauer verpflichte und das ich mich den bestehenden Dienst- und Disziplinarvorschriften unterwerfe.

Сообязательство к службе.

Заявляю сим, что я обязываюсь к службе

В НАДЗИРАТЕЛЬНОЙ СЛУЖБЕ

Уполномоченного Рейхсфирера-SS и Шефа Германской Полиции—Шефа Порядковой Полиции—для учреждения SS- и Полицейских Постовых Пунктов в новых Восточных Областях на время войны и подпорядуюсь обязательным правилам службы и дисциплины.

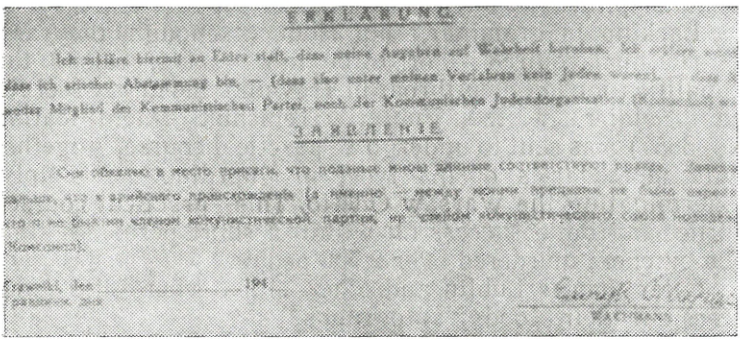
Trawniki, den _____ 1941.
Травники, дня

Емчук Тарас
WACHMANN

Having signed this commitment to join the SS and Security Police troops, Taras Yemchuk undertook to serve his masters with devotion. That was how he became the butcher of his people

being truly adhered to by Taras Yemchuk, onetime SS-man, currently one of the leaders of the so-called League for the Liberation of Ukraine, the most reactionary organization of Ukrainian "Independent" mercenaries overseas.

The hearts of millions of people still contract with horror at the notorious names of Auschwitz, Dachau, Treblinka, Buchenwald..., for they bring to one's mind terrible visions. It was there at the Nazi concentration camps and extermination centers that the fascist butchers and their hirelings cremated, gassed and shot our fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers...



Yemchuk's statement confirming his "Aryan" descent

Taras Yemchuk, then young, yet already hardened nationalist and traitor of his people, was a tried aide to the Nazi cutthroats in all their bloody crimes.

Trawniki, Warsaw, Lublin... He traversed this route dressed in the uniform of a *Wachmann* — i. e., member of special units formed by the Nazis to carry out punitive missions.

In Trawniki, Yemchuk learned marksmanship — to which he wasn't a total stranger. He knew how to draw a gun before, too, but then he mostly shot people in the back, whereas now, in the Nazi service, he had to learn how to kill people by the thousands.

It was also in Trawniki that Yemchuk swore allegiance to German fascism. Below are applications written with his own, voluntary hand:

"I hereby state, in lieu of taking an oath, that the information I have provided corresponds to reality. Further on, I state that I'm of Aryan descent (specifically, there had been no Jews among my relatives), that I have been member neither of the Communist Party, nor of the Young Communist League (Komsomol)."

"I hereby declare that I undertake to join the Secret Service of the Reichsfuhrer SS Plenipotentiary and Chief of the German Police — Chief of the Police of Order — to introduce the SS and Permanent Police stations in the New Eastern Regions in time of war, and that I will henceforth abide by the compulsory regulations of service and discipline."

Lacking in grammar,* but eloquent enough, they are.

Having acquired — or, to be more exact, raised the "qualification" of a cutthroat in Trawniki, the newly recruited "Soldier of the Fuhrer" Yemchuk (identification No. 3651) was sent to undergo a "practical course," together with mercenaries of his type, in guarding, or simply, exterminating the Warsaw Ghetto. This "practical course" turned out quite successful: within a short period of time the butchers murdered over 2,500 people.

Later, it was Lublin and other cities where the monsters left their bloody "autographs."

After both the crazy Fuhrer and the "Great Reich" ceased to exist, Yemchuk settled overseas. Today he lives in the Canadian city of Sudbury.

I can imagine both the apartment and the tenant: aged from fury, rather than from years — for not everything has turned out the way he figured out back in the war years, he sits in his lair, frowning over the Banderite newspaper *Homin Ukraini.* That this newspaper is a pack of lies, Yemchuk has long known only too well, but he is afraid to admit it even to himself. Neither does he feel inclined to let a thought cross his mind that, as years pass, what he has dedicated his entire life to becomes an ever clearer absurdity.

Aided by all the fraternal nations of the Soviet Union, the Ukrainian people threw the Nazi invaders and their Ukrainian bourgeois nationalist lackeys out of their land. The Ukrainian Soviet socialist state is prospering and

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* in the Ukrainian original — **Ed.**

gaining strength within the fraternal Union of Soviet republics. Its international prestige has risen high.

As for those "fighters for Independent Ukraine," one might think they have never existed. The so-called OUN and other nationalist organizations are nothing but a heap of bankrupt maniacs.

To avoid thinking of the ignominious finale of his life, Yemchuk seeks comfort in the reminiscences of the past. He strains his memory and it bestows him a few sweet recollections. Shots thunder again in Trawniki: these must be fired by the would-be Wachmanns training in marksmanship, shooting at live targets. The Warsaw Ghetto inmates lament, shaking with fear. The Aryans are exterminating the "inferior race..."

Such reminiscences ease the pain in Yemchuk's heart, but not for long. Returning in his thoughts to present reality, he again feels a complete failure, lonesome, good for nothing.

Under these spells he is ready to hang himself. Judging from the letters I was kindly provided with by Yemchuk's relatives, he suffers such experiences more and more often now. The honest people's scorn is the inevitable and just payment for a betrayal.

M. LYSENKO

THIS CANNOT BE FORGOTTEN

"I, Alfred B. Schreier, former inmate of the Drohobych Ghetto and concentration camps in Plaszew near Krakow and Grosrozen near Wroclaw, in Buchenwald and other places, I, the eyewitness of the tortures and shootings of Soviet citizens in Drohobych, hereby accuse Bloch, chief of the Gestapo, and his henchmen — butcher Yevhen Bilas, Gekkel, Deputy Chief of the SD, Ivan Savka, Deputy Chief of the Ukrainian-German Police force in Drohobych, Oberscharfuhrer and SD officer Ginter, Wachmann of the 'Black Police' Stepan Havrish, Gestapo officers Kamerer, Landau, Morlock, Mensel, Dengh, Aeger, Giebner, Ber, Krause, and Ukrainian-German policemen Lekh, Hrihorchuk, Kolinka, the Mak brothers, Parashchak,

Kossak, Baran, Mahur, and many other Nazi-fed foster sons — of the massacre of people during the fascist occupation of Precarpathia, of crimes against humanity.

"I also condemn Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism, dressed in the fascist uniform and without it, and testify to its guilt, on behalf of hundreds of thousands of victims who died at the hands of murderers in the Yanivsky Concentration Camp in Lviv, in the ghetto in Borislav, on the Horodishche Hill in Truskavets, in the Bronitsky Forest, and in the vicinity of the village of Lishnya...

"I'm hereby soliciting the Soviet authorities that they find the butchers and bring them in front of a just court of nations..."

* * *

January 1942. A column of heavy-duty trucks drove to a stop on the Bystrytski Turn (Drohobych Region), not far from where a monument to the Kobzar * stands now. First Wachmanns from the Field Command Headquarters jumped out and started dragging off the trucks people who were half-dead from starvation and beating. They were brought here to be executed. The reports of machine and submachine guns broke the quietude of the Bronitsky Forest. Innocent Ukrainian, Polish, Russian and Jewish blood was spilt. Police Wachmanns Stepan **Havrish**, Yevhen **Bilas** and Ivan **Savka** tried especially hard to win their superiors' commendation: they walked around the bodies, seeking those still alive, finishing them off, nipping and pulling gold teeth out of the dead's mouths with pincers. After that the bodies, many among them still alive, were hurled down a ditch and buried there. For several days afterward the earth heaved on that horrible grave.

The next week saw another shooting in the forest, then another and yet another... Guns were fired, screams and groans were heard day and night. Over 10,000 people were killed in that Bronitsky tragedy.

Savka, Havrish and Bilas were the most often commended by their superiors, for the three seemed tireless in their furious endeavors. When there weren't enough victims in the torture chambers of the Drohobych Gestapo, they spied out, with a wolfish skill, new ones in the vicinity.

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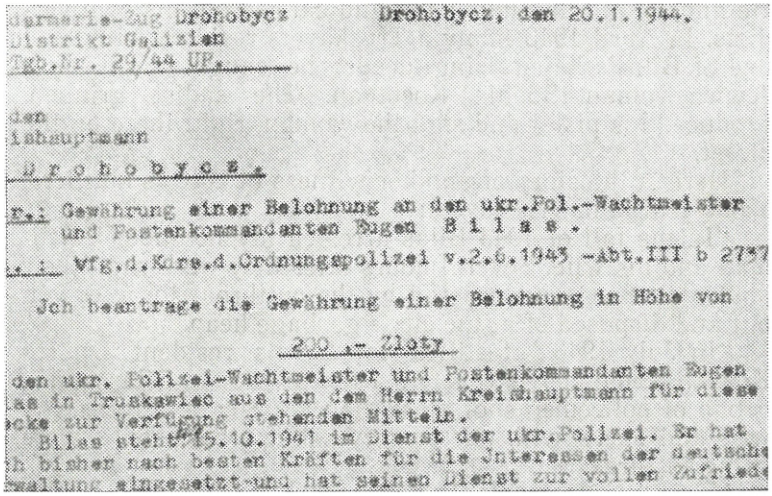
* an affectionate appellation given to the outstanding Ukrainian poet, artist and revolutionary Taras Shevchenko — **Ed.**

Yevhen Bilas (second left in the second row) together with culprits in bloody violence

That was how Savka, Bilas and Havrish established the "New Order" on the land that fed them

Here is what Mikhailo Luzhetsky, resident of the village of Medvezhe, Drohobych District, had to say:

"In 1942, I was hiding from the Nazis lest they caught me and forced me to go to Germany for slave labor. Policeman Yevhen Bilas somehow discovered that and came to arrest me. But I saw him first and broke out running away. Bilas fired his gun four times. I fell. He figured I was done with, so he went away. I was only wounded, but it didn't take the other policemen long to learn I was still alive. They came to the village, caught me and clubbed me until I fainted..."



Drohobycz, den 20.1.1944.

Distrikt Galizien
Tgb.Nr. 29/44 UPs.

den
Hauptmann

D r o h o b y c z .

Betr.: Gewährung einer Belohnung an den ukr.Pol.-Wachtmeister und Postenkommandanten Eugen B i l a s .

Bez.: Vfg.d.Kdre.d.Ordnungspolizei v.2.6.1943 -Abt.III b 2757

Ich beantrage die Gewährung einer Belohnung in Höhe von

200.- Zloty

den ukr. Polizei-Wachtmeister und Postenkommandanten Eugen Bilas in Truskawiec aus den dem Herrn Kreishauptmann für diese Zwecke zur Verfügung stehenden Mitteln.

Bilas steht seit 15.10.1941 im Dienst der ukr.Polizei. Er hat sich bisher nach besten Kräften für die Interessen der deutschen Verwaltung eingesetzt und hat seinen Dienst zur vollen Zufrieden

An order to the effect that Yevhen Bilas be paid a sum of money as a reward for his diligent performance of duties as illustrated on the preceding photo

Illya Khomyak from Truskavets offered the following recollection:

"Our street, currently called Sukhovillya St., was then one of the city's suburbs. A ravine separated my home from the forest. It was for some reason very popular with the policemen. Day in and day out I could hear gunshots and people's shrieks there. In the summer Yevhen Bilas (he had by then been promoted to the commandant of the Truskavets Police force) and his henchmen from Drohobych and Stebnik — Mykola Mahur, Dmitro Homyak and Petro Malitsky — shot before my very eyes 30 persons whom they had seized in the forest. Bilas was in charge of the shooting and he himself fired his rifle at the victims.

"Once Bilas ordered me to take a horse-driven cart and pick the clothes of those shot in Horodishche. When I reached the place I saw a heap of linen on the side of the ditch. The accompanying policeman explained that Bilas had just shot 15 persons among whom were three women and an unweaned child... I piled the linen on the cart and drove off to Commandant Bilas."

Bilas served his Gestapo masters with a true devotion. He himself did the judgement and carried out his own verdicts. In April 1943 many a Truskavets resident witnessed one of Bilas's hair-raising deeds: he caught sight of a Jewish woman Sophie Kochman. The sadist grinned, produced his pistol and shot the woman, right there on the street.

Here is the story of another witness of Bilas's murders, Yakiv Hurba of Truskavets:

"In the fall of 1943 Bilas arrested my neighbor Taichman and his wife. Several hours later they were shot, their bodies stripped and ordered by the cutthroat to be driven out and disposed of at the city's garbage heap."

"In July 1943," testifies Truskavets resident Dmitro Kozak, "some 300-400 meters from my home, Bilas and a group of policemen shot more than ten Soviet citizens. My wife and I saw with our own eyes how the people were being tortured."

It has been proven that Bilas partook of murdering 38,000 Soviet people in Drohobych, Truskavets and the suburbs.

Bilas, Savka and Havrish were the "masters of ceremonies" of the "Wild Thursday" as the Nazis themselves — Chief of the Security Police Rudolf Getzel, SD officer Joseph Gabriel, Gestapo agent Friedrich Deng — referred to November 13, 1943. On that day over 2,500 men, women and children were killed on the streets of Drohobych. The Gestapo and policemen staged a real manhunt. Among those fallen prey were distinguished cultural figures and scientists: Doctor of Medicine Lev, painter and man of letters Bruno Schultz.

According to the report by the State Commission for investigating crimes perpetrated by the German fascist invaders on the territory of Drohobych Region, the extermination of 38,000 citizens in Drohobych, Truskavets and Stebnik is also on the conscience of these butchers.

Ivan V. Savka was born in 1904 in Drohobych. October 1941 saw him enlist for the SD-run Ukrainian-German Police force where he was eventually promoted to deputy commandant. Savka's crimes are generally known. The additional evidence obtained subsequently exposes his involvement in arresting and shooting prominent revolutionaries Vasil and Olga Kotsko.

Here is what Savka's neighbor, Stephania Hladchenko-Matsyurak, had to say:

"On February 9, 1942, policeman Savka and several Nazis entered my home. I knew he'd been after me to make me go to Germany for slave labor, so I ran away through the window. That same day Savka arrested Maria Fischer and Isabel Pawlowska and dispatched them to Germany.

"I also know that he took part in the shooting of Vasil Kotsko and his daughter Olga. He told his neighbors about that."

Hanna Kotsko:

"Vasil Lekh, the police commandant, treated Soviet citizens with unspeakable cruelty, personally arresting and shooting them. On January 9, 1942, Lekh, policemen **Baran, Mahur** and others — five in all, arrested my husband Vasil Kotsko and our daughter Olga. They were subjected to inhuman tortures at the Gestapo HQ. They had to suffer till January 26, 1942. Then they and 40 others hauled in were driven by Savka, Baran and a group of policemen to the Bronitsky Forest and shot there. That day Savka came home and bragged about that in front of his relatives. Later, a prison ward, Moroz, told me that on January 26 the policemen furnished two truckloads of inmates and delivered them to the Bronitsky Forest to shoot one and all."

Onetime police clerk Yevhen Fedishin testified the following:

"Ivan Savka started as a Gestapo Wachmann to be transferred at a later period to the police force. But he remained the Gestapo's trustworthy advisor, holding the post of the Deputy Commandant."

Such was the cutthroat's "career." A number of archive documents have been found — the service records of Savka, Bilas and Havrish — to the undeniable effect that the traitors' real identities were of inhuman nature.

If the butcher made up his mind to fill out, without any reservations, a questionnaire, then it would read as follows:

Name: *Bilas Yevhen Fedorovich;*
Date of birth: *1918;*
Place of birth: *4 Pilna St., Truskavets;*
Social background: *black marketer;*

Education: *two grades at a merchant school; an espionage and subversion course in Pishchany where the student body was by and large composed of OUNites; a course in murder mastery in Krinitsya;*

Major occupation: *killing;*

Position prior to fleeing overses: *Commandant of the Ukrainian-German Police force in Truskavets.*

Bilas wasn't placed in charge of the police force overnight. Neither was it for his beautiful eyes and a charming smile that the Gestapo leadership finally entrusted him the position. However, from the onset of the Nazi occupation of Ukraine's western regions, Bilas was enrolled in the SD HQ (identification No. 1137), as follows from the order of October 15, 1941, signed by Rudolf Getzel, Chief of the Drohobych District SD Security Police. Senior policeman in Horuzk, Wachtmeister in Rikhtichy, police commandant in Truskavets — was his progress up the service ladder.

Below is an excerpt from Stepan Havrish's characteristic written by Rudolf Getzel:

"Stepan Havrish has been in the service as of 15.10.41. Disciplined, he actively struggles against the enemies of the German New Order, shows an example with a gun and deed to follow by other Ukrainian-German policemen."

The Gestapo superior wrote similar characteristics on Yevhen Bilas and Ivan Savka.

"With a gun and deed...," showing an example in establishing the *"New Order"* — it is hard to even imagine the horrible truth that lies behind these words committed to paper by Rudolf Getzel!

Over thirty years have elapsed since the Bronitsky Forest tragedy, since the bloody reprisals over Soviet citizens in Truskavets and Stebnik, since the "Wild Thursday." But time has no effect over the victims' everlasting call for vengeance.

Cars run along the sun-lit band of the highway past Drohobych, Sambir, Lviv. Driving by the Bronitsky Forest, people pause and bow their heads in front of a granite plate, paying homage to the memory of those who died at the hands of fascists and their henchmen. Every second Sunday in May people come here from Drohobych, Truskavets, Stebnik, Borislav, Pidbuzh, from nearby and remote

villages and townships. People come by the hundreds to attend a civil remembrance rite. The foot of the monument is then buried under thousands of red roses. Indeed, time has no effect over the victims' call for vengeance — so that Stepan Havrish, Yevhen Bilas, Ivan Savka, and all other butchers be paid properly for flooding the Bronitsky Forest with human blood.

Having visited Lviv Region, a Canadian citizen V. Petrick declared: "We bow our heads in deep respect for the people who in the course of valiant struggle defended their land and fought for freedom and independence. The enemies of the Ukrainian people — the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists — murdered nine relatives of mine. Back home in Canada we shall relate the whole truth about the killers. I want you to know that these people are not sympathized with in Canada."

Yes, no matter where honest people live, they turn away in disgust from the types like Havrish or Bilas. Time shall not erase their crimes from people's memory.

I. TEREN

UNMASKED

Since time immemorial, people condemn with the strongest words those who had made their homeland a prey to an enemy, who had not risen in arms to defend their native parts, but fraternized with the invaders instead, traded upon their Motherland, its sacred pride. Vasil **Buchok** is one of them...

In September 1939, when soldiers wearing red stars on their helmets entered the village of Chekhiv in Monastyrisk District to be greeted by the entire toiling population as liberators and blood brothers, Vasil, grinding his teeth with fury, was ready to send both a lead "salutatory message" from his German carbine. After a moment's hesitation, he sobered up to the thought: better hold still. Who's going to resist all their strength now?

That evening he took part in a secret counsel in an old barn while the rest of the village partook of the festivities to mark the coming of the Soviet Army. People who gathered at the barn spoke in a whisper... Petro **Rachkevich,**

Mikhailo **Yurchyshyn** stared at him with a question in their eyes: "What shall we do, Vasil? What's your advice? Maybe, it's time we quit and went abroad?"

"We represent the OUN here," Vasil answered their unspoken doubts firmly. "Our place is here, so we can put a few spokes in the new power's wheel. Who's gonna do it if we run away?"

"I wonder what will happen to us in the future?" said somebody, betraying a coy disposition. "What if those there wheels smash our spokes and run over us?"

"I have a reliable information that the Bolsheviks won't stay for long. Hitler has made up his mind to shorten their lifetime. The Great Fuhrer of Germany counts on our assistance."

Buchok was the first to show the others how to get "acclimatized" under the new conditions. He began by getting himself a job of a night watchman at the premises of the District Cooperative Union, which he did, of course, for conspiracy reasons, as much as for the benefit of their "cause." Keeping an eye open on what goods weren't "in a proper place" and where, he thus prepared the ground for the burglaries of local stores, saving banks, etc.

Early in 1941, he and his kind dodged being drafted into the Soviet Army. To escape punishment the OUNites went underground, which wasn't that difficult, for they had previously dug and properly equipped a bunker. There they lay, like a bunch of stinking rats, awaiting the oncoming Nazis. Eventually, the last Soviet soldier left the village.

On the night of July 2, 1941, the nationalist gang gathered at Yurchyshyn's to work out a plan of subsequent activities. The counsel lasted till midnight.

Early the next day, P. D. **Rachkevich,** M. S. **Yurchyshyn,** M. G. **Sinishyn,** A. M. **Mikytin** and others came to the village club. When the local nationalists were in full strength V. G. Buchok stepped on the stage with an air of great importance. Clean-shaven, dressed in a military jacket, breeches and with a pair of "English boots" on, he wore a strip of cloth tied around his left arm with a trident* on it.

"Whoever feels dedicated to our organization," he ad-

* a trident and a yellow-blue flag formed the nationalist emblem— **Ed.**

dressed the audience, "must take his arms today and follow my orders. We shall go out destroying our enemies!.."

He snatched a slip of paper from his pocket. It was a list of Soviet activists. After he finished reading the names he jumped off the stage and made for the exit. The "Independents" followed him in a crowd.

Komsomol member Mikhailo Hrubyak was the first they met on their way. He was passing by the club when Buchok noticed him and hissed to the other cutthroats: "Kill him!" They pounced on Mikhailo and started torturing him in a sadistic manner. Hearing the young fellow's screams for help, his mother Varvara came running. She tried to protect her son's already motionless body when Buchok stabbed her in the back with the words: "You'll never be delivered of another Bolshevik!"

Then the murderous road led the monsters to the home of Soviet activist F. M. Boyko. His daughter Yaroslava, together with her mother, were in the courtyard, busy with something. Boyko himself, tired after evacuating the tobacco factory where he had worked, was upstairs, taking a nap. A wild commotion in the village center had reached their ears when some twenty armed men entered the yard. They wanted to see Lyubomir Boyko.

"What do you want?" the man asked them as he appeared.

"You'll find out right away."

The crowd approached the house. Some started smashing the windows. Seeing all this, Boyko and his son ran into the barn and then out onto the street through the barn's other door. The bandits broke out in a pursuit...

When Yaroslava ran up to her father she found him prostrated on his back and blood-stained. His hair had gone gray. Suddenly somebody started clubbing the girl. She staggered under the blows and fainted...

When she came to the bandits were going away. She gathered her last strength and ran to where the village's vegetable gardens were. She paused by a tree to catch her breath and saw Granddad Mykita. With a pail of water in his hand the old man was going to wash his dead sons — he had two — Fedir and Yulian.

"Sons, my sons!" he lamented over the bodies. "It's not I who's supposed to do the ablution — you should've done it to me instead!.."

He finished washing Fedir, reached for Yulian, and fell, hit by a bandit's bullet...

The bloody Sabbath continued... Its further description is rendered below by V. D. Cherpak, former member of the OUNite gang:

"We burst in Yulia Nakonechna's home and found there Dmitro Boyko, chairperson of the Village Cooperative Union, and his friend Dmitro Mykytin. Buchok ran to Boyko, grabbed him by the lapels: 'I've been trying to get you for a long time, you bastard! Now let's square up...'

"He wrenched a hoe out of someone's hands and hit Dmitro Boyko in the head. Boyko slowly sank to the ground. Buchok then bared his knife..."

A knife, an ax, a scythe, a hoe — the butchers weren't choosy about their weapons. In whatever they did they abode by Stepan Bandera's instruction requiring of them actions that would make people comprehend that Banderite rule was a terrible and cruel one.

Buchok's right hand, Rachkevich, found a baby in Petro Mykytin's house, grabbed the child by the feet, dragged him out into the yard, whirled the timid body in the air and with all his might smashed the little head against a cart wheel...

The tragedy in the village of Chekhiv ended on July 3, 1941, in slaughtering 37 people.

Another detail: Buchok ordered a group of Banderites led by I. P. Boyko to lie in wait in the nearby forest. From that place the bandits fired at the scarce detachments of Soviet soldiers retreating along the highway.

After the reprisal over the villagers the degenerates again gathered at the club. The ringleader spoke:

"Gentlemen, from now on all power in Chekhiv belongs to the representatives of Independent Ukraine. We sought it, and now we have it! Thank you for your active participation in the destruction of our foes. On behalf of the new authorities..."

A box of cigarettes was brought from the ransacked village store and the chieftain handed each several packs as a reward.

Three days after the above "operation" Buchok again busied himself strengthening the "New Order": he organized a Ukrainian-German Police force — the so-called "Sich," and became its first commandant.

Buchok's hands are in the blood of many. Even his wife was reluctant to touch them. On July 3, after all his massacres, the thug came home for dinner, and sat on a bench heavily.

"I'm tired," he said in a dull voice, "give me something to eat."

"You stink of blood. Haven't you got enough? How will you look people in the eyes?" his wife reproached him.

"Shut up, stupid!"

"What are you killing people for? What have they done to you?"

"None of your business. You keep on babbling some more and you'll find out in a minute!.."

As is known, the Hitlerites were pretty soon annoyed with the yellow-blue flags, tridents, the OUNites' fooling around with their "statehood." They began disbanding the Ukrainian administration, setting up instead their bodies of supervision. Buchok was actively propagating the idea that the German fascists were the only ones capable of providing Ukrainians with a free life.

Following the dismissal of the "Sich" Ukrainian-German Police force, he found himself a policeman at the village of Zolotiy Potik, Buchach District. He did his utmost to curry the Nazi favors, fulfilling all kinds of their assignments: forced villagers to supply bread, meat, clothes, spied out youth to be shipped off to Germany for slave labor. Wherever Buchok went he left behind him tears, grief, blood and dead bodies. People can still be found in Zolotiy Potik who witnessed a hair-raising scene as Buchok, utterly crazed, tore to pieces Esta Mosberg, 18, in broad daylight on the village's central square...

The butcher was well aware that people would never forgive him his crimes. When it became obvious that Nazi Germany was about to collapse, Buchok didn't hesitate to flee with the Hitlerites. He settled as far away from home as Argentina.

But the fear of retribution haunted him there, too. He would not even dare sign his name on the letters to Mrs. Buchok, feigning the identity of some Brzezinski, resident of Buenos Aires.

A man without a name and future, whose past is dark. Just like his former henchmen: P. D. Rachkevich lives in Great Britain, M. G. Synyshin in Canada...

Many years have passed since guns ceased to report in our land. But the bloody crimes of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists against the Soviet people have not been forgotten. And never shall they be!

S. BUNTIN

ONLY FACTS...

I came across a document at the Poltava State Regional Archives which read that within the two years (September 13, 1941, through to September 26, 1943) 252 local inhabitants and 40 Soviet Army servicemen were shot or tortured to death in Velyki Krynki District (currently part of Hlobyn District). As many as 2,557 were dispatched to Germany for slave labor.

The document offered no information as to the identity of those involved in the bloody violence. But there are yet some other data available, exposing the outrageous activities of the Nazi hirelings. We shall come to them further on. First, several facts.

FACT ONE

The spring of 1942. In Nazi-occupied Poltava Region the Gestapo and gendarmes were struggling to introduce the "New Order" of the fascist *Reich.* Village elders of Velyki Krynki received a hush-hush instruction: to draw up the lists of communists and Soviet activists who still remained in the villages and send them first thing to the District Gestapo HQ.

Following these lists, gendarmes and the District police hauled in several hundred men and women early in May 1942. They were herded to a two-storied building of the Velyki Krynki school and hustled in. The windows and doors were guarded by policemen. On May 13 the innocent people were interrogated, tortured and then shot. Horror engulfed Velyki Krynki... The Nazis and police traitors turned the school into a prison and torture chamber whence the screams and moans of death and the agony of tortured people were heard.

Franz Kold, chief of the District Gendarmerie, carried

out the interrogation and torturing in the presence of interpreter Karl Tuma, a village elder and a senior policeman representing the local police force of whatever village a given martyr was brought from.

At eleven in the morning two trucks, their bodies covered with black tarpaulin, drove up as close as possible to the entrance of the schoolyard. Policemen Ivan **Rokitny,** Ivan **Pyatakha,** Vasil **Kovyakh** and other Nazi lackeys hastily and angrily hustled out some two dozens inmates whose lot it was to part with life that morning and made them get on the trucks and lie, their faces down, hands clasped behind their necks, their heads toward the driver's cabin. On top of each doomed another one was placed in a similar manner. Having thus filled the body of each truck, the policemen drove off, one standing on each foot board and two sitting beside the chauffeur. Ten minutes later the trucks were brought to a halt in the outskirts of Velyki Krynki, in the ravine left of the village of Betyahiv. A ditch some 4 meters deep was dug there previously, with steps cut in one side.

As soon as the trucks stopped the policemen jumped down.

"Get off the trucks and lie in a row with your faces down! Stretch your hands ahead!" roared the guard leader. People had hardly fulfilled the command when came another one:

"Up and on your knees, take off outer garments and footwear!"

While the people were undressing the policemen surrounded the ditch at a distance. After that Rokitny and several policemen ordered a group of victims to descend the steps and lie with their faces down on the bottom of the ditch, close one to another.

"Move closer together," the butcher instructed with a shove of his carbine butt.

When both trucks were unloaded and the ditch filled, a gendarme approached, raised his submachine gun and fired several long bursts.

Then the policemen hastily covered those in the ditch with earth, leaving enough room to place more people on top. Another truck drove up, then another... The execution lasted till the evening.

That day in May the Nazi slayers and their nationalist

aides slaughtered more than 250 people in the ravine — men and women, communists and Soviet activists of the District.

FACT TWO

April 1943. People living close to the District Police HQ saw how at daybreak two two-horse-drawn carts guarded by the police left the HQ's yard. Sitting in the carts were several people — those who had run away from captivity and were caught again. The carts headed in the direction of the village of Vesela Dolyna.

When they were some three kilometers away from Velyki Krynki the policemen stopped the carts. There was a cellar in an orchard not far from the village of Sidorenka. The captives were brought there. Lest they attempted to escape, Deputy Head of the District Police force Ivan Pyatakha ordered:

"Surround the orchard!"

And then to the captives: "The journey's over. Get off. All lie with your faces down! Stretch your hands ahead!"

Those who had something decent on were stripped to underwear. Head of the District Police force Rokitny named the policemen to shoot the runaways. The latter were led to the cellar by twos and ordered to lie with their faces down. They were then shot in the back of their heads, the bodies were thrown down the cellar. Chief ot the Gendarmerie Kold supervised the shooting in person.

...The last three captives approached the cellar. One of them, Vasil Orlov, suddenly wrenched himslef free and dashed to the fence. Pyatakha ran after him, firing his gun as he did. One of the shots went home and Orlov, wounded and realizing the hopelessness of his desperate attempt, stopped:

"Okay, shoot you bastards, shoot a Don Cossack!"

Rokitny discharged his gun immediately.

Another captive tried to escape almost as soon as Orlov did, only he ran in a different direction. With a single shot policeman **Rak** wounded him in the leg. The man fell, Rokitny ran to where he lay. "That's how a man shoots!" he shouted at the policeman and, with a burst from his submachine gun, finished off the runaway.

Hiding the tracks of their crimes from other people's

eyes, the policemen threw the rest of the bodies down the cellar and covered them with earth.

FACT THREE

April 1943. Ten patriots were shot at dawn in the village of Turbayi several kilometers from Velyki Krynki. Their bodies were hurled down a well. Among those slaughtered were the Tkachenko brothers — Mykyta and Hrihoriy, from the village of Malinivka, and Demyan Turbiyenko from Mali Krynki.

They were executed in the same manner as described above: they were brought by carts, stripped to underwear, ordered to lie with their faces down and shot in the back of their necks.

Even the executioners were the same: Rokitny and his police henchmen.

FACT FOUR

In May 1943, Rokitny and Pyatakha shot Mykola Kolosov, doctor at the Mali Krynki hospital, and a resident of the village of Petrivka in the police station's courtyard. Their bodies were then buried in a silo.

FACT FIVE

In the spring of 1943, following an order from Rokitny and with him personally taking part, two Soviet servicemen were detained in the village of Lomane. They were brought to the local police HQ in the village of Manzhelia.

Rokitny instructed: "Shoot them!"

The captives were led to the bank of the Psyol River where policeman Hritsayenko shot one. The other one was lucky enough to escape.

FACT SIX

In the summer of 1943 Rokitny staged a roundup of Soviet paratroopers who had landed on the territory of Velyki Krynki District. Policemen succeeded in capturing eight. All were dispatched to the Gestapo HQ in Kremenchuk.

Many other facts could be provided. But the afore mentioned ones might as well suffice to bring one to understand whom and how the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists served in the years of the Nazi occupation. I would only like to supplement the above facts with two excerpts from official records.

"As a result of excavating the well, the following was established:

"1. Human bones found on the bottom at a depth of 18-20 m...

"...A large number of dead bodies discovered at a depth of 7-8 m. The bodies have decomposed so as to exclude any possibility of identification..." (from the statement of July 29, 1945, by the Extraordinary Commission of Velyki Krynki District for investigating the crimes perpetrated by the German fascist invaders.)

"When digging in a cellar on the territory of the village of Sidorenka... human bodies were found at a depth of 3 m whose positions suggested that the bodies had been thrown down there and remained in different postures (with flexed and half-flexed upper and inferior limbs, faces turned upward and downward, as well as ones lying on their sides)...

"...Ten skulls were discovered, plus a great quantity of small-sized cranial fragments... Judging from the presence of bones belonging to upper and inferior limbs, 12 Soviet citizens were tortured to death in the cellar by the German fascist barbarians and their hirelings — Ukrainian policemen..." (from the Commission's statement of July 26, 1951.)

From the above facts it becomes apparent that the police chieftain Rokitny took a leading part in the afore listed criminal acts. Indeed, Ivan I. Rokitny proved a full-fledged butcher of the working people in Velyki Krynki District in the years of the occupation. Born 1908 in Velyki Krynki, having received an education as an agronomist, Rokitny worked at the Veselo-Podolyanskiy Sugar-Refining Concern (Semenivka District) prior to the war. In 1941 he was drafted into the Soviet Army.

Only he wasn't long among the defenders of their Motherland. Already in the fall of 1941 Ivan Rokitny turned up in Nazi-occupied Velyki Krynki to volunteer to serve the occupational administration. First he worked as a secretary at the District Police HQ. May 3, 1942, he was appointed

as a deputy chief of the District police force. In February 1943, after Soviet partizans had killed Moldovan, chief of the District police force, Ivan Rokitny took over the post as an acknowledgement of his diligent performance of duties. He remained in that capacity till September 1943, when he fled westward, together with the retreating fascist troops.

At present, killer Rokitny lives overseas, where he has found shelter as an "innocent victim of the Soviets" to save his dark soul, cursed as it had been, and shall be for evermore, by the people.

His henchmen and culprits in bloody violence — M. F. **Rak,** I. I. **Pyatakha,** V. T. **Hritsayenko,** F. F. **Zahorulko,** I. M. **Shvachka,** O. P. **Nuzhnenko,** and others — have suffered a well-deserved retribution. In the course of preliminary investigation and during the trial, driven into a blind alley by facts and testimonies of eyewitnesses, they confessed to everything they and their ringleader Ivan Rokitny had done.

Having betrayed his people and Homeland in the time of grave ordeal, Rokitny sold himself to the Nazis. The werewolf laid himself out to win the invaders' commendation. Rokitny searched people's homes, looted the population, spied out and forced the youth to go to Germany for slave labor, hauled in civilians and servicemen — those who tried to run away from captivity — and shot them.

In August 1943, when the echo of artillery salvoes of advancing Soviet forces was already heard in Velyki Krynki, announcing that the day of reckoning was coming, Rokitny was carrying out a fascist order — to turn Ukraine into a desert. He instructed subordinate policemen to set public and dwelling buildings on fire, and destroy people's property. That was how Ivan Rokitny expressed "gratitude" to his countrymen. He managed to escape their wrath and now he lives across the ocean, not far from New York City.

M. PLISH

THE WEREWOLVES

Russians, Uzbeks, Latvians, Byelorussians, Georgians, Kazakhs, Moldavians, Armenians and other nations inhabiting the USSR helped Ukrainians liberate Soviet Ukraine from the German fascists during the 1941-1945 Great Patriotic War. On other fronts — near Moscow, Stalingrad, on the Kursk Bulge — Ukrainians fought the Nazi invaders shoulder to shoulder with their brothers, defending their single Motherland — the Soviet Union. Our people worthily awarded them for their selfless struggle against the accursed enemy: the worthiest 2,069 became Heroes of the Soviet Union. Among those conferred the highest award over 200 were our countrymen from Kharkiv Region. Of the 7,000,000 Soviet servicemen listed for decorations and representing 130 nationalities of the USSR, orders and medals were handed to 2,500,000 Ukrainians and those born in the Ukrainian SSR.

Decades have passed, but we still bow our heads in respect for the feats of arms performed by the heroes, proud as we are of their glorious deeds, their loyalty to their people, and their staunchness in the times of hardest ordeals.

Memorial complexes are built, monuments unveiled in honor of fearless warriors, partizans, anti-fascist underground resistance activists. Gray-haired veterans and youth bring flowers to the graves of those who are immortal in our hearts. Songs are composed, motion pictures released, novels and romantic stories written about their heroic exploits. Great Patriotic War veterans enjoy nationwide respect and affection in our country.

Alas, there are only a few still alive who had been the first to sustain the treacherous blow of the invading Nazi hordes, those who had fought them to their last breath on the country's western frontiers — in Lyuboml, Peremyshl, near Kiev, Odessa and Sevastopol; those who at first retreated with severe battles to Stalingrad and Tuapse, and, later, started advancing westward, liberating the Donbas, Chernihiv, Lviv and Uzhgorod.

Europe awaited Soviet soldiers, and they came. They fell in battle on the land of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Yugoslavia.

We paid a dear price for our victory. Glorifying the

loyalty and valor of our countrymen and their comrades-in-arms, we time and again remind ourselves of the severe words borne of those grim years: "We shall neither forget, nor forgive!"

A betrayal is always a disgusting thing. The word "traitor" sounds as the strongest condemnation. Motherland offers no pardon to those outcasts who stepped on the road of shameful treachery and betrayal.

Still, some of the Hitlerite lackeys have escaped a just reprisal. Traitor **V. Dolenko** fled overseas, too. In the years of fascist occupation he headed Kharkiv's city administration. He was the one to order a roundup of Soviet young men and women on city streets so as to ship them off to the *Reich* for slave labor. With his knowledge innocent people were tortured and slaughtered. At present, he "sits on" the so-called Union of All Ukrainian Lands — the "Peasant Party."

I. Polyhanin, onetime serviceman of the 520th Punitive Detachment, Secret Field Police, lives now in Montreal and owns the Kent jewelry store under the name of **Orlov.** Another OUNite, Havrilyak, and an SB* man, Kupyak, also live in Canada. With their looted money they purchased restaurants and camping grounds. They behave rather decently today: they do not strangle people with a rope and a stick, neither do they torture them, nor cut five-pointed stars on the bodies of their prey. They are raising (or have probably raised) children who are fond of their kind daddies. Wives of the characters like Kupyak, Havrilyak and Cholkan believe they were lucky to bind their lives with such fair gentlemen, prospering business- and exemplary family men as they are!

But are all of these women aware that their husbands, and fathers, have once been slayers, hangmen and marauders? Do they realize that their current fortunes are built on the ashes of those burnt alive, on the blood of those tortured to death, on the tears of mothers and children, tears that never go dry? Do they know that their husbands, fathers, pretending to go on an unexpected business trip, in reality hasten to arrive on time for a regular anti-Soviet

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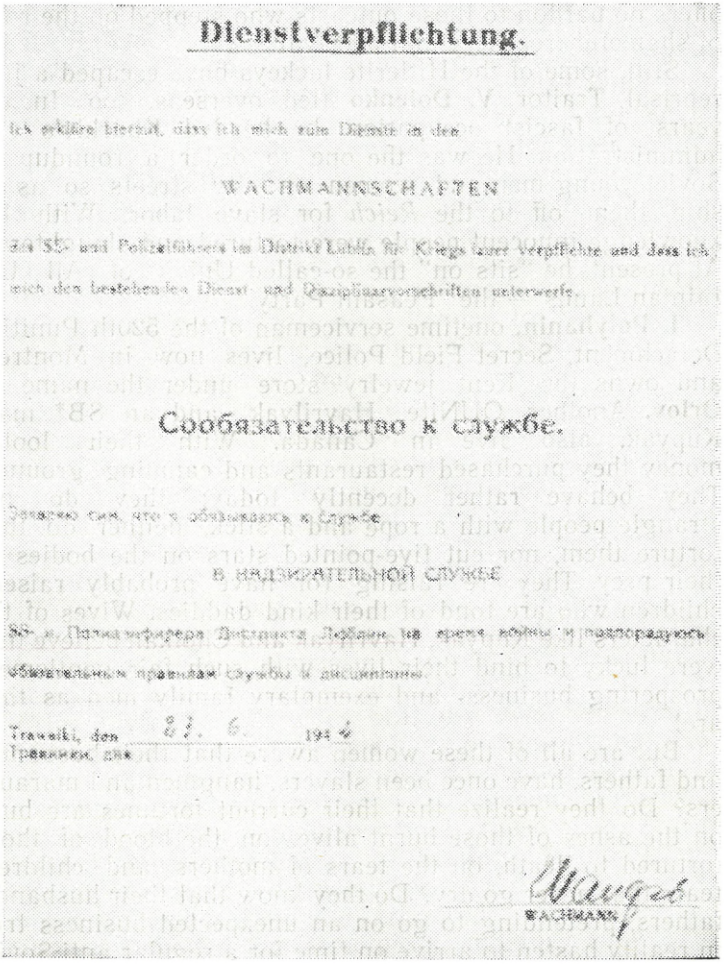
* short for "sluzhba bezpeki" — a security detail within OUNite gangs — **Ed.**



Dienstverpflichtung.

Ich erkläre hiermit, dass ich mich zum Dienste in den

WACHMANNSCHAFTEN

des SS- und Polizeiführers im Distrikt Lublin für Kriegsdauer verpflichte und dass ich mich den bestehenden Dienst- und Disziplinarvorschriften unterwerfe.

Сообязательство к службе.

Заявляю сим, что я обязываюсь к службе

В НАДЗИРАТЕЛЬНОЙ СЛУЖБЕ

SS- и Полиэнфирера Дистрикта Люблин на время войны и подпорядуюсь обязательным правилам службы и дисциплины.

Trawniki, den 21. 6. 1944
Травники, дня

Wachmann

Documents testifying to Ivan Shapar's betrayal: his written statement corroborating his "Aryan" background.

Trawniki, den 194

Personalbogen Nr.

Name:

Vorname: Vatersname:

geb. am: in:

Heimatanschrift:

Nationalität:

Staatsangehörigkeit:

Beruf:

Stand: Kinderzahl:

Daumen

ERKLÄRUNG

Ich erkläre hiermit an Eides statt, dass meine Angaben auf Wahrheit beruhen. Ich erkläre weiter, dass ich arischer Abstammung bin, — dass also meine Vorfahren keine Juden waren, — dass ich weder Mitglied der Kommunistischen Partei, noch der Kommunistischen Jugendorganisation (Komsomol) war.

Trawniki, den 194

commitment as a policeman; the cutthroat's personal record and

get-together some place in Ottawa, Toronto or Winnipeg — where they stage provocative raids on Soviet representations, or indulge in the reminiscences of those "great days" when they, fearless of any punishment, could slay, strangle and rape?

Banderites, Melnykites — all those policemen, Gestapo interpreters, Nazi-occupied village elders and burgomasters — are willful to conceal ther crimes against humanity, trying to present themselves as "ideological fighters," "knights of the freedom for homeland." In the films *Cruel Daybreaks* and *I'll Never Forget* released not so long ago in Canada they endeavor to glorify their blood-spilling violence. But we do know the true worth of such allegations. We have forgotten nothing!

Let a Canadian citizen Mykola **Chepil** know this — he who had until lately lived at Box 405, Kelvington, Saskatchewan.

As a matter of fact, he is no Chepil at all. The real name of this onetime Hitlerite prison ward and butcher is I. H. Shapar. He was born early in January 1922 in the village of Vysokopillya, Valky District. On August 7, 1941, he was drafted into the Soviet Army and served in artillery.

In May 1942, hard battles were fought south-east of Kharkiv. Ukrainian soldiers fought courageously together with comrades-in-arms from the other Soviet republics. Ukrainian General F. Ya. Kostenko, Russian General L. V. Bobkin, General Z. Yu. Kutlin, son of the Tatar people — fell in battle on Kharkiv land. Determined to die rather than be taken prisoner of war, Kazakh Khali Khaliulin, battalion Commissar of the 79th Border Guard Regiment, blew up himself and the oncoming Nazis with his last hand grenade. Dozens of names of fallen soldiers are to be found inscribed on the obelisks in the villages of Petrivske and Husarivka, Balakliya District.

But private Shapar cowardly tore the red star off his garrison cap and laid down his arms. Already in a month's time, on June 23, 1942, Shapar dutifully signed a statement confirming his Aryan (!) descent, swearing that he had never been a member of the Communist Party or Komsomol. The treacherous ruffian was enrolled in the SS troops and the Security Police force.

The traitor didn't take long to find a common language

with his masters. Starting July 13, he was a trainee at the Trawniki camp (Poland) where special punitive personnel was drilled to exterminate the inmates of death camps and guard concentration ones and Jewish ghettos. Later came the assignment to the SS team in Lublin.

Hitlerite archives and testimonies by the former mates of the newly initiated Aryan enable one to trace Shapar's "activities." September 19, 1942, he was transferred to the Guard Police force in Czestochowa. November 10, he was sent to join the SS ward in Lublin's PW camp. On March 22, 1943, Mr. Shapar found himself, with much satisfaction, in a different place — the death camp in Treblinka. There he partook of shooting over 500 inmates. After that he served in the Krakow and Czestochowa death camps and, still later, in Germany...

Shapar's Gestapo and SS superiors were not excessively benevolent toward their lackeys: Wachmann Shapar was paid 8 reichsmarks a month, but he and his like didn't have to bother about food and clothes. For taking part in mass shootings they were conferred an extra award of ersatz cigarette supplies.

To curry Gestapo favors, they also had to learn and sing Nazi songs when marching.

Day and night heavy smoke escaped the chimneys of Treblinka crematories. Exhausted and swollen from hunger, the inmates were forced by Wachmanns to do the job they had no strength left for. Those who failed were clubbed and hunted with police dogs. The Wachmanns systematically exterminated the inmates. Testimonies by former Wachmanns Kozlov, Dmitrenko, Rekal, Kondratenko and Kharkivsky expose in every detail Shapar's criminal actions.

Nobody knows whether Shapar has told his present wife Maria, his children — Olga, Liza, Zina and Lyuba — how in 1943 he and prison wards **Kulinich, Kharkivsky** and **Wagner** herded a group of inmates from where they worked to the camp in Treblinka, how the camp's commandant SS Hauptsturmfuhrer von Ojpen and his crazed offspring drove their horses at full gallop into the crowd of exhausted people who could hardly move on their limbs. The horses trampled the miserable human beings. Drunken from the awareness of their freedom from punishment, the guards, in turn, pounced on the crowd, beating people with

rifle butts, trampling the fallen bodies with their heavy boots.

The local population hated the Hitlerite marauders and sadists. But the accursed traitors — Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists and other Nazi lackeys — aroused in people still greater hatred and contempt.

In November 1942, a fascist punitive detachment arrived to the village of Druha Andriyivka, Balakliya District, Kharkiv Region. The officer in the command, dressed in a Nazi uniform, spoke Ukrainian fluently. Not all the villagers recognized him at once as their countryman Petro **Plyaka.** Shortly before the war he left the village, looking for a job in the city. The fascist lackey confidently led his subordinates to the homes of village activists. The Nazi hireling didn't stay at the village for long, but many families had then lost their fathers, brothers and sisters. The traitor pointed at I. I. Kryachko, chairperson of the local collective farm, A. K. Devyatnik, Deputy to the Village Soviet, T. H. Pivovar, Civil War* veteran, A. P. Rih, collective-farm field team leader. As a result, these best people of the village, honest workers, died from the enemy's bullets.

Today, Plyaka, this "hundred percent Ukrainian," lives in Regina, Canada, only he has taken his wife's name of Jankowski. Does Erna know why her husband took her name? She could receive an answer to this question from the relatives of her sadistic spouse.

Characters like Plyaka-Jankowski, Shapar-Chepil can still be met among those who stupefy Ukrainian emigrants with the maniac idea of "Independent Ukraine," singing glory to the "fighters" like Moroz and Chornovol, praising the literary Judas — Solzhenitsyn and intimidating Ukrainians inclined to visit their Homeland, spreading insinuations against Soviet Ukraine.

We are aware of the crimes committed by Banderites, Melnykites and other nationalist traitors, but we do not identify them with those Ukrainian emigrants who heed each word of truth about the life in rejuvenated Soviet Ukraine. The borders of our country are open to friends. Our people are kind and humane by their nature, by their

* Led by the Communist Party, the working people of the newly formed Soviet state fought (1918-1920) foreign invaders and the internal counterrevolutionary forces — **Ed.**

way of thinking and living, by their education and culture. They will understand and forgive erroneous concepts and conduct, but there are things to which the generosity of our souls does not extend.

Evil must not remain unpunished. Retribution will befall those like Shapar and Plyaka no matter where they hide. May their wives and children turn away from them, may people see the true face of their "leaders" abroad and recoil.

V. KRAVCHENKO

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